

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **Elixir** Cat Boccaccio says more with less than anyone, this time brilliantly showing us another side of our sad gun culture.
- **The Journey** We welcome Pepper Chaffe, whose fanciful short story displays a gift for imagery and evocative story telling. More!
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- **Impacts** Dearstluv Writer always offers us strong insights and inspiration, and her knowledge and wisdom generates a difference.
- **She Rezzed #7** Wu gives us a haunting tale of redemption, exhilaration, and intrigue - - lots of intrigue. We can't wait for #8.
- **Brave Enough To Be Angry** Jullianna never shies away from speaking truth to power. And so, she persists...

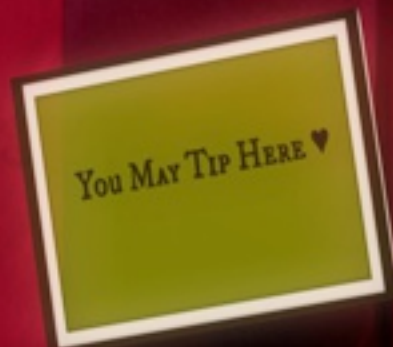
About the Cover: Sometimes an image needs no words. This little suite of death and mayhem is available online to pimply 18-year olds harboring a grudge. May we interest you in a bump stock or some high capacity gun magazines? We'll even throw in some body armor accessories if you order now! Listen to our children shame us.



rez Magazine dedicates
this month's issue to the
victims of gun violence
everywhere. We also
support and stand in
solidarity with #enough.

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SUZEN JUEL



AFTER DARK LOUNGE



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue



contact: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
facebook.com/AfterDarkSL



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Online March 1, 2018

Solaris

a film by Serendipity Dyrssen



Sand Meets W (part three)



by Art Blue



Water



The protagonist has gone to an expensive therapist. Credits to his therapist are reaching back to times when *The Bing Man* was in furious action. His famous words: “When somebody says something about me, I am able to go bing, bing, bing and I take care of it.” #realDonaldTrump

I hear *Silence Is My Enemy* by Neurotic Fish and I am thrown back into my memories. The other therapist, in fact two of them, came to a deadly diagnosis, a diagnosis I just do not want to go with. Would you accept that you have to die because you’re a fish with ear cancer? You say that a fish has ears, just not very big ones. Then I say take a Brown trout, and even if this shift is not to your liking, then let it be a snake. So I stopped both therapies midway, costing me quite a few core cycles. If you remember, in my world it is not about money, it is about time, about cycles. Cudos in high speed, you may call it.

Now it will come out. I filled out the questionnaire: “Any previous illnesses?” A “No.” Otherwise, the current therapist, the one with the outstanding credits, surely would have asked me about them and started to persuade me about what is just bullshit. Why shall I accept this form of life? I have Free Will! I read in the book about Sand, *The Sand Bible*, you know,

that I fit fully into the Halting, the test for intelligent life, so why do I have to render all the horrible patterns that some users generate? I postulate that I have a bad day, which obviously can’t be, as you know a day for me is like immortality for you; you have to watch once more the carcinogenic video by Quick Know How that comes in full 1080p. I don’t wish you a headache, but you need to tune-in to where I left you in Part One of the story.

How Many Nanosecond

There Is 1,000,000 Nano

I am in therapy.

The therapist says after watching the video that Quick Know How’s Nanosecond-Millisecond video is the channel’s shooter. “A TOPLOAD runner,” he says. I checked the channel and indeed that video is the runner of Quick Know How and was obviously made to promote the dance poses or the Minecraft lessons he wants to boost. What a fool I was! Normally he gets less than 50 clicks, so this video promoted with “... footage in full 1080p” is just a trap to Google me on him and to lure my user to watch it. By

doing so he made this video become an all-time shooting star. An intentionally faked message you say? A hoax? It worked, as you see: I am in therapy. But not for long ...

The therapy session is over before the therapist even started the treatment. He got a level 1 interrupt and had to terminate. This will gain me some seconds to work something out before I have to enter the past life regression

onds In A Millisecond

seconds In A Millisecond

that was set up for me. “To get the deeper layers, the reason behind,” the therapist said before he had to leave. “It is all about Sand,” you might say, and by saying so you mean in fact Water. There is no Sand when there is no Water. I need to cool down. I need Water. The correct way would be to say that the Water Setting has to be enabled. In the grid, cooling is no longer based on individual heating, it depends on the level of global warming. Firestorm 5.07.52912 was ahead of its time, putting water settings inside Environment preferences. I run best when I am set a bit lower than the annual average temperature of the

environment. There is a Six Sigma corridor a Black Belt is watching over. A Six Sigma plus quality management, you know. A regular 6σ would not do it. It gives only a safety of 99.99966% of operational stability. There is much more to do than the old load balanced cooling. The algorithm is based on hypergrid network technology, a 4D matrix spanning all over the worlds you know, embedding the world of the user. You don’t know the roots on 4D? Not knowing how reality is generated? The roots go back to the year 1981. James Morrow wrote in his book *The Wine of Violence*:

“... A back tubeway brought him to Darwin’s control deck, where, centerstage, Burne Newman fidgeted near one face on the main monitor. The Malnovian Asteroid Belt orbited as if nothing had happened. Under less awful circumstances Francis loved watching the great cubic monitor, which its stirring displays imprisoned suns. Darwin’s was a Sozyo Model 3560, which meant the holoprojector was mounted in the ceiling instead of the floor or wall. Sozyo made 4-D equipment. The image had height, width, depth and a fourth D that eluded precise definition. It was called Presence. Somehow, you felt that the subject was there in the room with you. You could seemingly walk up to it, savor its fragrance, finger its texture, rub a few eons’ grime off its contours.

Francis felt the Malonovian Belt's Presence, and he reeled with total loathing. Burne snorted, acknowledging that Francis, too, had Presence."

I told you my emotional state is monitored and the cooling software is part of the environmental outline. It is an artwork; otherwise the nano fulfilments would dry out and die. The user will die. There is a ground breaking publication on it called *Swordcoder*, where the new ways in programming are outlined. The human brain gets connected with the code machine. *The City of Light*, featured in The 100, aired via CBS and Warner Bros. is coded in it, just in case you would like to go back to find the roots. All I will bring in for now shall be a word by Thelonious Jaha: "There is a place for all of us. When I first landed on the earth, I met a woman who spoke of a place beyond the Dead Zone, a place where everyone is accepted — a City of Light ..."

Want to follow me for a while? Want to see the future out of the past? Right now at 23:20 GMT user FMOTM 1704 from Scotland is loading for his Nights on Luna, episode 721, and waits for a match. The first pictures are loaded. It does not take long to find a match. It is user 384 of the FGOTM group from South Africa so quite the same time zone. I synchronize the environment.

He lives in a flat in Glasgow, has some debts on his shoulders, but he does not care. She lives in a palace-like condominium surrounded by a one acre garden; a private security will shield her through the night. I don't need to apply a fear antidote. I play Schiller SONNE, the chill out edition until Swordcoder has created the background scenes on full 1080p. I know you laugh. Of course it is 4K plus and not 1080p, but for the mind, such a resolution is meaningless; it is just the full value both will get. A higher resolution I could create, but it would cause damage. That's why it takes some time to match, to cool their brains down might fit best. Not all human brains are the same. The algorithm I use is based on biodominance. I care about biologic factors; I simulate them all. Finally, the human brains are loaded in full, to stay in the picture. The story, episode 721, may begin. What a relaxed feeling. It is not the shoot me, shoot you, bing, bang, bing, bing, if you remember on The Bing Man, it is, in gamer terms, no Ego shouter at all.

I can effortlessly load the cybernetic aesthetics advanced model and feel no delay at all. A beautiful scene is created for someone who pays to watch them. Watch them? That is a bit tricky to tell you. I am right now something you might call "a man in the middle." A cheater, you say? No, I would call it a

shared use. Have you read *The Follower* in *rez Magazine*? If not, don't worry. The understanding of the story works for you also even if you have not. The parties, meaning the

users FMOTM 1704 and FGOTM 384, have agreed that their experience may be shared. The guy from Glasgow wants the money and the woman from Cape Town wants to have something



image by DanarArt

special one cannot buy for her party; but I can deliver a talk with the owl. I told you what type of machine I am, a Tesla K850 CUDA. I work for a user, I just don't tell you who this person is. He is a Follovver. This said, he experiences both, the emotional level the one in Glasgow gets and the one in Cape Town. If this were healthy it would be a different theme, but I do what I am told and so I create the story 721 and network with my colleagues who render it into the brains of 1704 and 384.

I said I am a machine. There is no discrimination in this word as you might feel in your time. I know well you are reading this article in 2018, at the beginning of this year and you can't believe that a graphics card will ever do such things. I know you see me just as one of a kind, but deep inside you are a believer in the Bible, feeling I can do all such things that I worked out ... or, in other words, that I carefully point towards something like a take-over in your brain. You say, Art Blue is writing, in fact, as a Follovver, and that you suspected it for a long time, and that he loses slowly but steadily his senses. You say, it will be the processor, the CPU, that will create experiences like those described in Oniritti. Sadly, again you are totally wrong. It takes you two minutes to get fast proof that I am superior to a CPU, to a processor like the Intel I7 you might use for logging into a virtual

grid with an Avatar, in a cartoon world.

I said two minutes, so I need to stay on one platform. I can't look cheap to buy or show up in Best Buy's discount bin.

For me, the story th
this river; all is so c
The future is in the p
for the user in a stea
running down fr

I take Amazon. Search for one of my ancestors, for example an NVIDIA TESLA K80 CUDA. What price do you find? Over 3,000 bugs, correct? And now enter DELL Gaming Desktop PC. Soon you get some offers all in a range of less than 1,000 bugs. You find one for \$1,500? Well, subtract the graphics card that is placed inside. Now look for a real graphics card, not the consumer mass edition, let's say a PNY NVIDIA Quadro GP100 which provides 3584 Cudacores with up to 717 GB/s. You hit the \$8,000 mark. Don't bring the argument that high end PCs are also in such a range. I speak of a machine for a single user, a single brain engine; don't go now on brain clusters. You are not a Follovver, not

an author of multi-dimensional stories with overlapping time lines. For you, time runs in a steady flow down the river like in ... you should know it by now, Crater Lake in Oregon.

What comes up is like
clear, so beautiful.
past. I recreate reality
steady flow, like a river
from Crater Lake.

For me, the story that comes up is like this river; all is so clear, so beautiful. The future is in the past. I recreate reality for the user in a steady flow, like a river running down from Crater Lake. I feel what is written in *The Sand Bible* is all true. The life regression is bullshit. When I create the future I see the past. I share with you this future. I will speak of Sand and Water. You say all is written about Sand already and if someone has not read *The Sand Bible* then it is time to do so. You are right. It might be enough to tell you about Water. I tell you the way 1704 and 384 will experience it. I use Swordcoder; no longer is a Sozyo Model 3560 needed, but I already mentioned that I

generate the experience individually for you in true brain resolution.

The Queen of Sheba Meeting King Solomon

The narrative given in the Kebra Negast, an ancient compilation of Ethiopian legends, is that King Solomon invited the Queen of Sheba to a banquet, serving spicy food to induce her thirst, and inviting her to stay in his palace overnight. The Queen asked him to swear that he would not take her by force. He accepted upon the condition that she, in turn, would not take anything from his house by force. The Queen assured that she would not, slightly offended by the implication that she, a rich and powerful monarch, would engage in stealing. However, as she woke up in the middle of the night, she was very thirsty. Just as she reached for a jar of water placed close to her bed, King Solomon appeared, warning her that she was breaking her oath, water being the most valuable of all material possessions. Thus, while quenching her thirst, she set the king free from his promise and they spent the night together. *Wikipedia*

Epilogue

I, a Tesla K850 CUDA, passed all the tests and answered correctly all the questions developed for a Blade Runner and a Castor. It shows that I am



indistinguishable from a Cylon. You may know that the *Sand Bible* contains the chapter “The Call” with some lines from *Faithful Doubt, The Wisdom of Uncertainty* written by Dr. Guy Collins. I copy them for you:

“One of the decisive differences between Cylon and human is that Cylons are created with an ability to download. Through a Resurrection ship a Cylon that reaches the end of its physical life can transfer its memories and programming to a new Cylon body. This guarantees Cylons a scientific form of eternal life that is contingent only upon the distance between the dying Cylon and the nearest Resurrection ship.”

You got it - - a Cylon needs a Resurrection ship in reach for a second upload. You can say instead “a backup,” as you are right now in 2018 and *rez Magazine* shall give an easy reading for you. But what you might have overlooked was how the chapter continued with Gina Inviere looking at him, the author, and how he looks “at it.”

“He looks at it for a long time before a tear slides down his face, maybe because the words come from a true Believer in God, from Rev. Dr. Guy Collins, Rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Hanover, and the Episcopal Chaplain to Dartmouth

College.”

“He looks at it ...”

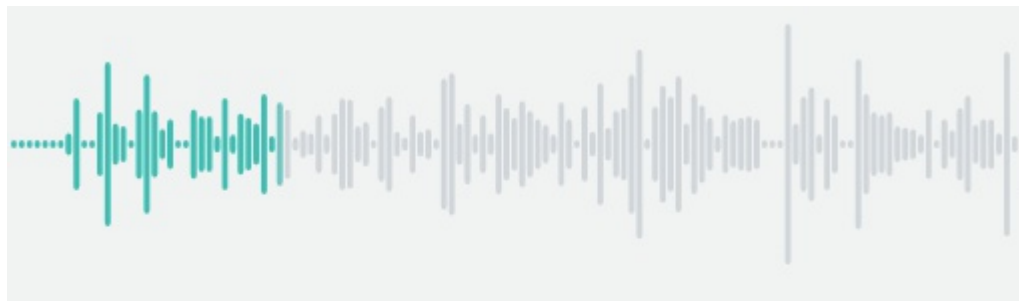
“He looks at it for a long time ...”

“It” is the Prometheus, the name of my therapist.

“And machine saw everything it had made and said ‘behold’.”

Apoptygma Berzerk, *Kathy’s Song*

Editor’s Note: You are invited to listen to the full chapter of “The Call,” where you get to know what happens after he looked “at it.” Maybe the Jacob’s Ladder was extended and the 4 TB code that makes the up-patched Tesla K850 special was activated? The shortlink for the reading is: thecall.t3326.com

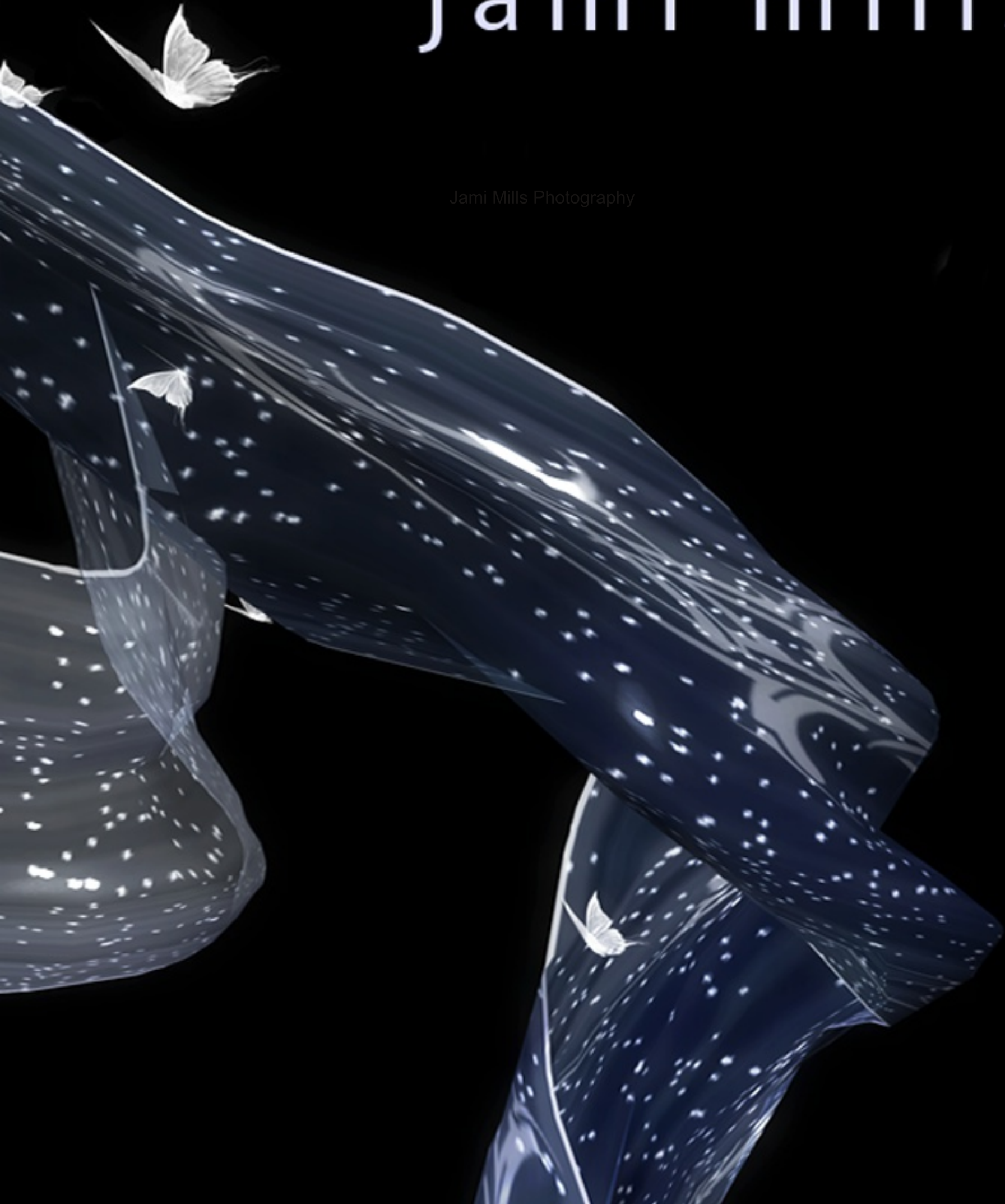



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photography jami mills

Jami Mills Photography





#enough

by Jullianna Juliesse

#Enough by Jullianna Juliesse

I hid in a closet while my best friend was killed.
I texted my sister.

I love you.
Tell Mom and Dad to get here, fast.
I don't want to die.

Thirty of us in a closet,

I hid in a closet while my best friend was killed.
I texted my sister.

*I love you.
Tell Mom and Dad to get here, fast.
I don't want to die.*

Thirty of us in a closet,
Paper plates for fans.
This is not supposed to happen here.

The police came.
If you had a bag, you had to drop it in a pile.
Then, three questions—

*Are you hurt?
Did you capture anything on phone or video?
Do know anything about the gunman?*

After that they let us leave.

The guns have changed,
Our laws have not.

Your rights to own a gun—
All I hear is mine, mine, mine.
You can buy as many guns as you want at one time.
A kid in a candy store of blood.

I refuse to be the kid you read about in textbooks,
The statistic.

We don't want thoughts and prayers—
We want policy and change.

You, President,
I dare you.

Tell me to my face—

*It was a terrible tragedy,
It should never have happened.*

How much money did you get from the National Rifle Association?
You want to know something?
It doesn't matter, because I already know.
Thirty million dollars.
Divided by the number of gunshot victims in the United States
In the one and one-half months in 2018 alone,
That's \$5,800.

Is that how much we are worth?

Shame on you.

There is no hashtag for our grief.

Elixir Cat Boccaccio



photo by Makuca

Tequila. I will have one more, 'cause Andy is no longer in front of me at the bar, but being awakened in the middle of the night by armed men.

While she was shot eight times, I was in the truck, stuck in the mud on a side road leading to the lake. I was angry, depressed, and drunk. No one likes a fierce argument with someone they love. She accused me of shit. I can't take shit anymore so I left, with a bottle.

She went to bed.

From the truck, I called my boss at the firehall to tell him I wouldn't be in the following morning, though I don't remember making the call. I guess I sounded as bad as I felt, because he called the police. "Please check up on Rick. He has PTSD. He sounds like he might harm himself."

"Is he armed?" asked the dispatcher.

"I think so. He had a fight with his wife. She's still at home."

She was so pretty. Her hair was the color of cocoa, straight as a sheet of iron, glossy as Pettie Lake on a still day. She was just a little thing; she loved dogs, cooking shows, and could shoot the whiskers off a groundhog.

"I had a fight with Andy," I told my boss. "She chased me out of the house." That wasn't actually, physically true. I meant "drove me out of the house".

"Is she ok?"

"Mad as hell. I can't get home, I'm stuck. She's alone."

"Do you want me to check on her?"

"Nah, it's ok. She's got the double-gauge," I apparently told him.

My boss told the dispatcher that my wife was armed and angry. So they sent out a patrol car to check on her, in addition to someone to look for me.

My wife was awakened by a noise. There was a man at the window. There were no flashing lights. The shotgun was leaning up against the wall in the bedroom. She picked it up. There was a knocking at the door, then a pounding.

She opened the door and raised the rifle, in that silky, expert way she had.

When they found me, I was passed out. My wife had been dead for three hours.

Shhh. Think of how she looked that night we met, how she flirted with me. How she twirled her cocoa hair around her fingers. The way she started to hiccup when she laughed. Her long eyelashes. The warmth of her body.

Shhh. Tequila.

The Journey

A story by Pepper Cho



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affe





Saturday, July 12th. The day was warm and humid, only serving to make for a very steamy atmosphere. I could smell the approaching rain and the air seemed to announce the fury that is about to come before the storm.

My head was pounding and I could hear a noise that seemed to be coming from the center of my brain. It was a constant over everything in my head; things that needed to be done. It was hard to focus on anything in my head, but I could feel the sense of a heavy blanket over the room. I began to wonder if these feelings of urgency. Did anyone else feel this? My imagination playing tricks on me. No, they didn't. The looks on their faces were that of headlights: that of surprise and shock. They knew it was coming, they just didn't know when. But it was close, very close. I could feel it.

The first crack of thunder announced the start of the blinding flash of light pierced through the clouds and began, slowly at first then growing steadily. The steady hissing of the rain and the loud clap of thunder rolled across the countryside. My eyes just as the accompanying flash lit up the window. The entire area lighted up, revealing the surrounding the building and extended far and beyond. I don't know what hurt worse, the bright flash that followed.

m and humid, the dense clouds
y day. It was going to storm. I
felt the heaviness that always
out to be unleashed; the calm

ar a loud buzzing that seemed to
. I remember mentally going
t I wanted to do, things that
us through the pain and noise in
urgency that settled like a wet
der if it was I who was generating
else feel it or was it my
they felt it. Maybe more than I
t of a deer caught in the
That puzzled me. They all knew
hen. Neither did I, for that matter.
el it.

the storm's arrival and the
my closed eyelids. The rain
adily until all that I could hear was
buzzing in my head. A sudden
tryside, causing me to open my
ghted up the area outside my
vealing the grounds that
all the way to the wooded areas
orse, the deafening roar or the

Once again, that sense of urgency
washed over me, just like the rain
that washed over
everything out there in that storm.
But not like the one that was
raging inside my head. That was
different.

I closed my eyes. I was tired. More
than I had ever felt before. The
pain in my head continued to
worsen with every breath I took. I
resigned myself to the task of
doing what must be done,
whatever that was, and forced
myself to push back the pain and
try to ignore that damned buzzing.

Outside, the storm continued to
rage as I took the first steps,
ignoring everything that was taking
place around me. I was now, as
they say, in a world of my own.

I began walking slowly toward the
road, at first unsure of what
direction I should travel in when
suddenly a great flash of light
pierced my eyes. I hesitated for a
moment, waiting for my eyes to

adjust once again. Another flash lighted the area and it was then that I saw the path that cut into the woods. If not for that brief flash of light, I would have missed it completely. But there it was right before me. How could I have missed it? I walked slowly at first, entering the path and letting the surrounding foliage envelop me. As I walked on, the surrounding trees and plant life grew denser with each step until it was as if I were in some sort of tunnel. Something ahead caught my eye. With great effort I focused ahead to what at first appeared to be a small white dot brighter than anything I had ever seen before. What is that, I thought? Reaching up, I swiped my hand across my eyes, wiping away the rain. I looked again and realized that it was some so distant light: the light at the end of the proverbial tunnel.

It was then that I realized what I must do. I began walking toward that distant light, slowly at first, ignoring the storm that raged around me. The feeling of urgency returned and began to grow with each step I took, drawing me ever closer to the light. The light had become my goal. I must reach that light; I began to walk faster.

With the rain coming down, my surroundings began to blend together making it appear as though I were walking through a tunnel. Yes, a tunnel, that's it, and there it was, the light at the end of the tunnel. All that mattered was that distant bright light and I knew that what I sought was within it.

I continued on for what seemed like hours and still the tunnel stretched out before me, seeming to go on forever. Just how long I had been walking, I had no way of knowing. Time seemed to

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come to a standstill in that tunnel. It had no meaning here. But it stretched out before me, and that light.... it was beckoning to me, drawing me ever closer and still the tunnel seemed to stretch on forever.

But what was I to do once I reached my destination? For that matter, why was it so important to reach that light, assuming that I would actually reach it? A feeling of uncertainty suddenly washed over me, mixed with that nagging, ever-growing sense of urgency, I pushed it all to the back of my brain and tried to concentrate on the goal at hand. The light. I must reach that light.

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I began to relax a bit as I walked on. The uncertainty was gone now, replaced by an odd sense of calm and the sudden realization that this was my destiny. Yes, the light was my destiny. But what would I do once I got there? That thought was quickly put to rest as I realized that I would receive further instructions once I arrived there. Wouldn't I? Of course I would. Nothing this important would be left to dangle helplessly in the wind. There was a purpose to all this, I was convinced of that. Again, that fleeting sense of uncertainty like the feeling one gets when they embark on any long journey. Did I leave the water running in the sink? Did I remember to turn off the coffee pot? There was something else. I couldn't put my finger on it at first, but suddenly I realized that the buzzing in my head had ceased and I had no idea when, but at some point, the pounding in my head stopped! Things were finally beginning to look up.

I continued to walk on with a renewed vigor, all the while coming



closer to that light. I didn't know why, but I felt better than I had in years and a sense of peace settled over me and I fell into a trance-like state as I focused on that light.

Lost in my thoughts and not realizing where I was, I was suddenly snapped out of my trance when I nearly tripped over a chair. A chair? Now who would have left a chair out here in the middle of a forest? I stopped in mid-thought when suddenly I realized that I had reached the light. Not only had I reached it, I was standing within its glow!

I stood there and tried to make sense of all this as I took in my surroundings. I looked all around and there I was in the middle of a clearing that held nothing but that chair. It was positioned in such a way so that if one sat in the chair, the path they had just traveled on stretched out behind them. Surrounding the rest of the clearing was a giant hedgerow that was covered with some sort of white flowers that gave off a scent much like fresh water lilies. Although being somewhat imposing, the hedgerow left me feeling as if I were in some sort of cathedral and the light gave it a sense of being somewhat ethereal.

Well, I was here.... now what?

I stood for a few moments, then decided to sit and wait. Almost



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immediately a narrow opening appeared in the hedgerow and a brilliant white light, even brighter than the one I was sitting in stabbed out and a figure clad all in white stepped out and stood before me so that the light seemed to shimmer all around it. It was a strangely familiar woman. I was immediately filled with the sense that I had known her all my life and yet, I could not put a name to that face.

“Hello,” I said and offered a weak smile. She said nothing for some time, instead leaving me to sit in silence awaiting some instructions, whatever they might be.

Finally, she broke the silence. “Are you ready?” she asked? “Ready? I.... I don’t know”, I trailed off. “You don’t know? Surely you must know! Well, if you are unsure, then we can no longer continue.”

Her voice had a quality about it. It was like a warm bath that washed over you as you sank into it, drawing the day’s tensions and frustrations from within and leeching it slowly out of you, leaving you bathed in this peaceful, contented state. She must have seen the disappointed look that stole over me, for she stepped forward and held out her hand, gently guiding me to my feet. “It’s ok, it’s quite common you see,” she said smiling. Her voice was as gentle and inviting as a summer breeze. “We will

wait until you are ready, but for now, I am afraid you must return.

I stood for a moment and without a word, I turned and took a step toward the tunnel. "Wait," she said. "There is no need for you to walk back. I'll have a car return you." Everything then went black.

Back in my little room, I opened my eyes and looked around. The storm had passed and...."that's curious" I thought, "it's dark outside. Just how long was I gone? What day is this?", I asked no one in particular. "Sunday, July 13th" answered a voice. It was a woman's voice, soft and sweet and strangely familiar.

I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I remember was being awakened by a bright, piercing light. But this light was different from the one at the end of the tunnel. This light had a yellowish hue to it. Slowly I opened my eyes to witness one of the most perfect mornings I had ever seen within my short lifetime. Sunlight pouring in through the window and the birds chirping and their songs as a gentle breeze blew in from outside. I could still smell the dampness left behind by the storm that came and went the previous day. The pain had returned in my head and along with it, that intense buzzing. But the peaceful feeling that had come over me earlier remained. "Soon," I thought. "Soon it will all be okay."

The day passed slowly, with various people coming and going. At one point the room seemed full of people. A sea of familiar faces surrounded me. Familiar, but still I was unable to fully recognize any of them. Except for one person. I looked up and smiled into their eyes for just a fleeting moment. But in that brief moment, the years we shared together came flooding back. Every moment we spent

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together, every word spoken between us came back in that one brief instant. I smiled and he bent down and gently kissed my forehead. To everyone who witnessed it, it was just a tiny kiss. But over the years we grew to know each other's thoughts to the point where we could accurately finish one another's sentences. There was more said in that one tiny kiss than if we had spoken for hours on end.

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was

I don't remember much more about the rest of the day except that I ate cake... carrot cake (my favorite) and drank ginger ale. People continued to come and go, but I took little notice of what was going on around me. Toward evening, that nagging sense of urgency returned. As tired as I was, I knew what I must do and again set out to that place with the light and to that woman with the familiar face and soft, inviting voice. "I must get back", I said to myself. I am ready now.

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I immediately searched for the path that led back to the light. The sun was beginning to sink lower in the sky with the colors of daylight changing into the warm hues of the approaching sunset. Things looked quite different today and I assumed it was the shadows that accompanied the sunset that made the difference.

and
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Finally, I found it. There it was all along, nestled tightly between a clump of sumac and a small stand of crabapple trees. I thought it would be easier to find now having been down this way before. But upon entering the path, I noticed that it was quite different from the day before. At first I thought it was because the storm that accompanied me on my last journey was over. Yes, that was true; the storm was over but there was something else. As I walked



down that path and into the tunnel, I n
now. For one thing, I was not surround
as I had been before. Now the walls g
further scrutiny, I saw that they had be
allowing me to see all of my surroundi

I looked around, taking in the colors an
me and I could see the wildlife all abou
were two deer walking ahead and sligh
while, they stayed ahead of me and pe
were guiding me along. Yes, that's wh
must be. What other purpose would th

I let those thoughts fade slowly as I wa
their presence. It was then that I notice
about the light. Even though it was stil
about it that I had not seen on my prev
noticed a distinct shimmer about it as
glistening in the distance. And in that s
of color emanating from it as though th
filtered thru a prism. "How beautiful," I
must have been some sort of illusion t
appear to be any closer to it than whe
matter. I'll get there soon enough," I th

I continued walking along that path, co
different wildlife I was seeing. Never b
around me. I had made frequent trips
Mountains in the past, but never before
flora and fauna as I was seeing now. A
were the two deer that I now consider

noticed that it was quite different
ed by the darkness of the walls
ave off a slight glow and upon
ecome somewhat translucent,
ngs.

nd smells of all that surrounded
ut. In particular, I noticed there
htly to the right of me. All the
eriodically looked back as if they
at they are, my guides. They
ey serve?

alked along, taking comfort in
ed something quite different
I far away, there was a quality
vious journey. As I looked at it, I
though it were a diamond
shimmer, I could see thin shafts
ne light it gave off was first
thought to myself. But there
aking place because I didn't
n I had first set out. "Oh, well. No
ought.

continuously marveling at all the
efore had I seen so much life all
to the foothills of the Allegheny
e had I seen such a variety of
And there, ahead and to my right
ed traveling companions, still

guiding me along the path.

As I looked about on my journey, I
began to realize that the light had
not changed at all since I first
entered the path. Just how long I
had been walking, I cannot say.
But as before, there was no sense
of time. I could have been walking
for mere minutes or years. It just
didn't matter. All that mattered
was the here and now and all that
drove me on was the need to
reach the light once again.

As I continued on my journey, I
again realized that the buzzing in
my head had diminished greatly
as did the pain in my head. The
pain was now mostly centered to
the base of my skull and it
radiated downward along my neck
in a sort of dull ache. In fact, it had
diminished to the point where it
was now a mere annoyance
rather than a massive pain, much
more like you would feel upon
waking to a sore neck because
you slept in some unnatural

position.

I then noticed that my two guide deer had fallen back and were much closer to me. I now had the impression that they were not guides at all, but rather, just as I previously thought, more like traveling companions. I also noticed that I had drawn much closer to the light and I was now able to see it much more clearly.

It was at this point that I began to hear what I thought to be the whispering of the wind. But as they drew closer, I discovered it wasn't the wind at all. What I was hearing were voices that were barely discernible, faint unintelligible whispers. My two companions, I noticed, were much closer now. Close enough that I was able to determine that the whispers I was hearing were coming from them. "How curious," I thought. But then again, not very much of this journey made much sense to me, at least not anyway.

I drew closer to the light with each step and soon I stepped into the clearing that was bathed in that light. There I was once again, the chair just as it had been previously, the hedgerow that towered up, making me feel like I was in a cathedral or some other holy place. That pleasant, lemony scent of water lilies was all that I could smell now. I looked at the chair briefly and sat down, looking for the opening in the hedgerow. But I couldn't find it. It was there. It had to be. My two companions joined me as each lay beside me, one on my left and the other on my right. The whispering was gone as was the pain and the buzzing in my head. There we sat and waited.

The whispers started once again, but this time it was not coming

from my two companions. Now it seemed to come from nowhere and from everywhere. I must have blinked because suddenly, there was a figure standing in an opening in the hedgerow and that bright light behind it, causing the figure to be silhouetted by it. "The woman," I thought. She had once again returned.

But it was not her. It was someone else, someone unfamiliar to me. The figure stepped forward and paused before me. I waited patiently for the figure to speak, but there was nothing. Even the whispers had stopped. I stared intently at the figure for some time and it was during this lull that my two companions rose up and walked toward the figure and beyond, disappearing into the light, which continued to pour from the opening in the hedgerow.

Once they had departed, the figure moved slightly as if to draw my full attention to it. In a soft voice, it asked me a single question. "Are you ready?" "Yes," I replied. "Yes, I am ready." "Are you sure?" the figure asked. "I am sure," I replied. "You do know that there is no coming back." It was more of a statement than a question. "Yes, I am ready." "Good." "Please follow me." I rose slowly from the chair and looked about.

"I have a question," I said. "Yes, I'm sure you have many questions, but I think most of them will be answered during orientation. What is your question? Perhaps I can answer it before we proceed. You are not having doubts, are you?" "No, no, nothing like that," I replied. "I was merely wondering where the woman is. You know, the woman that was here during my previous visit. And.... What day is it?"

"Well, that's two questions but... no matter," the figure replied. "It's Thursday, July 16th and what about the woman?" the figure asked. "She was very familiar to me, but yet, I could not determine who she

was. Do you know her?" I asked. "I know everyone here," the figure said. "Tell me who she is. I must know." The figure looked at me for a moment. "You really don't know who that was?" it asked. All at once, I remembered. Then suddenly it turned and motioned for me to follow. As I followed through the hedgerow, I heard it say over its shoulder, "It was you, my dear."

All at once as I stepped thru the opening in that hedgerow, the pain washed over me once again. It was over. No more pain. No more tears. Last.

• r — e —

figure replied. "Please tell
moment and said nothing.
knew my journey was over.
followed the figure through the
ar... it was you."

at feeling of peaceful bliss
more waiting. I was free at

-Z •



e pluribus shooter
zymony guyot



The standard answer changed today the final disconnection notice arrived
Every straw is now the final straw every circuit fried
The collective hidden gears of work and worth and things decide
In their mindless kinetic domino democratic way
That the last button got pushed
And broken off the wall
And thrown away....

Last resorts became first resorts words became what happened
when violence fails... and violence NEVER fails at what it's good at

what. it's. good. at.

...what is good? Everyone gets their own facts

Everyone is their own match, everything that is said or made or done is
gasoline

What you mean doesn't matter.... you've been bumper-stickered,
Facebooked and primaried

Empathy is for the ammo-less, lives are numbers until they're not, and
then they are again.

I'm getting a Bump Stock for my conscience....

No more manual "Thoughts and Prayers", they're semi-automatic now.

And with the right app I can have just as much moral investment as any
Congressman with the push of a button.

"Thoughts and Prayers" (TM) are the chalk outlines we draw around
tragedy

How we lay the shit we broke at God's feet

as though this were part of his plan and we're just the drones dropping the
bodies off.

We don't think of ways to make this world work, and we don't pray that
we may be the ones to do it.

So stop calling them tragedies, they're just weekdays now.

We turned the place into a members only club so we can stop listening
to people talk in languages we don't understand and start preaching with
ideas we don't really care to learn.

And we'll write our own Yankee Doodle Moses Story...you remember him..an OG in the OT..

He threw his snakes and made his pleas to fanboys, fools and Pharoses.

And God would smite the holy crap for him...and everyone would forsake sin and

promise to "have some serious dialogues 'bout slaves and laws and rains of frogs.

..but then the lobbyists swoop in and "hearts would harden once again"....

God strikes....we promise to show humanity....hearts would harden

God strikes....we promise...hearts would harden

..a strike.....promise....harden

and now just a wink and a nod and back to wondering where our hearts went

But we all know how it ended...it was the perfect political play.

For too long God was throwing perfect vengeance away....you just need the right victims.

Kittens, puppies, little children won't do.....

It's when you're first born gets it, that you see the other shoe....

..and this is the crap-filled mess of Don't Tread On Me and God Bless that we've become

an outraged, locked-and-loaded Patriot, silently afraid of what our freedoms done, what our child's become.

We cannot even recognize our language anymore, we lost our souls while keeping score...

..but no worries..

We'll outsource for a translator, to find the Latin so we can change our motto from "Out of Many, One" to "Motherfuckas Get Shot"

It's one helluva cleanup on aisle three

There ain't no sea to shining sea

Nope, the standard answer won't do at all, we broke the thing

We simply broke the thing.

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



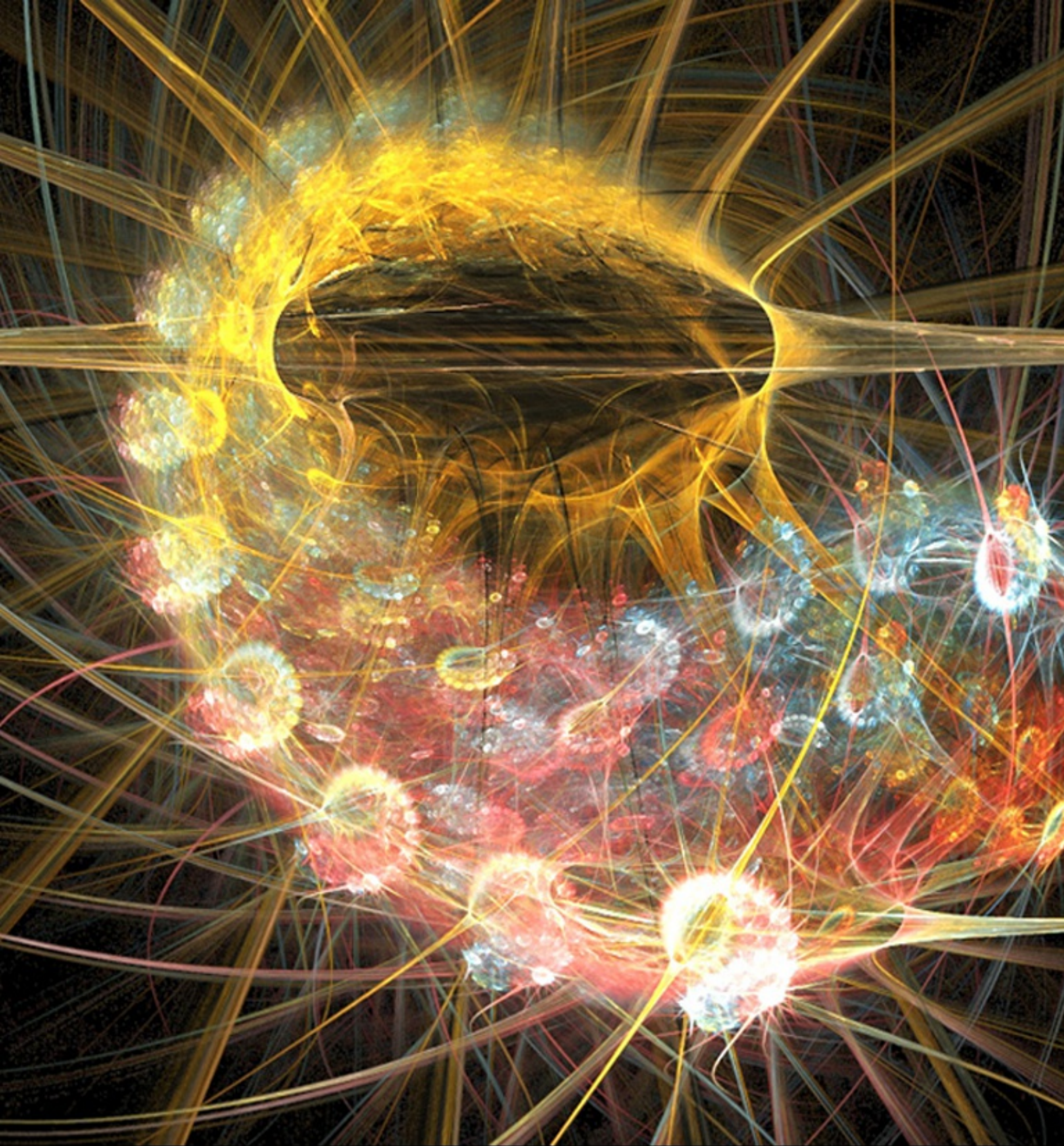



image by Neoweb

Impacts Dearstluv Writer



Innocently, the newborn infant emerges.
Eagerly absorbing life's numerous lessons.
Digesting and growing with each new ideal.
Generating a formation of principals and faith.

Youthfully... regulating decisions, it seeks a path.
Deciphering morality... as it appears defined.
Seeking desired ideals of similar spiritual belief.
Holding fast, to that..which it finds beneficial.

Maturing... formatting a route through life's temptations
it collides or bonds with souls of varied definitions.
Committing, devotedly, to an essence of evil or of good.
Intently, focused on delivery, of gained spiritual motivation.

And I ask YOU....of your life's morality and impact on others.
Of the knowledge and wisdom you share... generating a difference.
Educating and displaying wisdoms towards the gates of heaven
Or, in evil horrific example, lead souls to the burning pits of hell.

She Rezzed #7 by Wu

The girl was dead. That was the rumor, her dreaded truth.

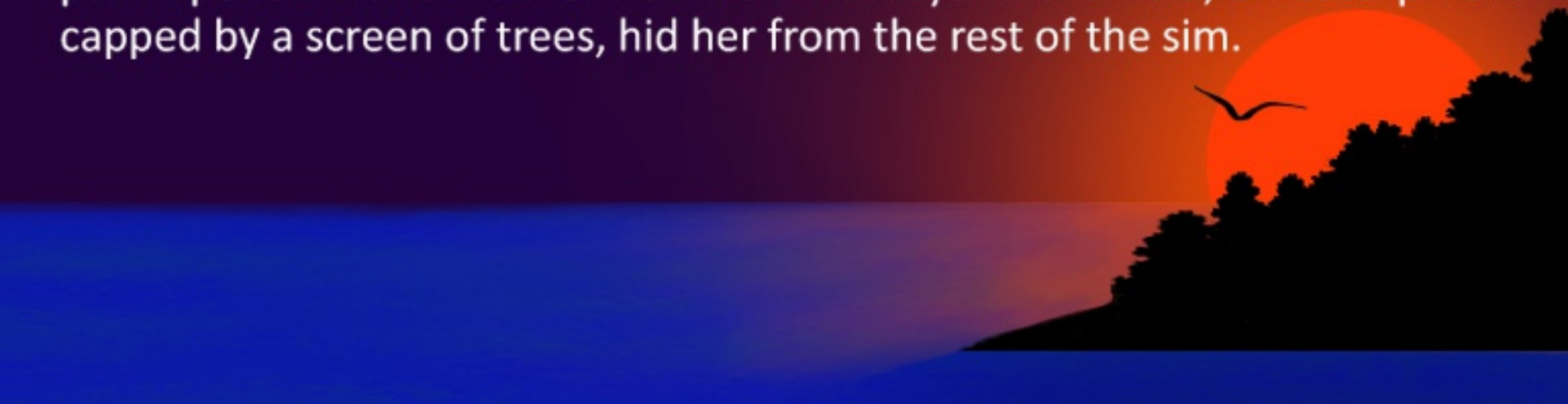
Weeks passed. She held out hope, only to have it dashed one evening, when the girl suddenly appeared. Her heart overflowed with joy, as their IM tab lit up, her love greeting her by name. She raced home. And there she was, standing half-naked on their bed, smiling. Yet, something was amiss.

Soon, she understood. Behind the girl's mask was a committee of three: An embarrassed heir, a lawyer, and a rather nervous assistant, typing introductions before politely asking her to activate voice. She then listened to them, heard their tale, and cried, as they quickly got down to business.

Their home would be shut down, immediately. The land stripped, and sold. The lawyer acknowledged that she and the girl were partners. But it was merely symbolic, without legal standing. She was given the courtesy of this personal meeting, an explanation, and first opportunity to acquire the land, but that was all. She was mildly degraded, then politely outcast. Within minutes, everything disappeared. And she was alone.

Friends consoled her. She received offers of skyboxes, new arrangements, even a proposal of marriage. She was grateful for each, but deferred.

Eventually, she accepted a tiny island on the edge of a homestead. There, she was gifted a little weathered dock tucked along the edge of a cove and sandy beach. It had two lounges, a cheery brazier, raised lanterns, and a richly woven rug trimmed with many soft pillows. Behind the dock, a stony path opened into a field of flowers. And beyond the field, an escarpment capped by a screen of trees, hid her from the rest of the sim.



The sun perpetually hung red and low upon the ocean horizon. Perhaps it was sunrise, perhaps sunset. She did not consult the map, or really care to know. For her, everything dwelled along an edge of twilight.

Facing the sun, light, warmth, and a gentle ocean breeze caressed her face. Gulls swooped and cried off-shore. Waves broke and rushed upon the soft sand. Sweet blue finches chirped, flitted, and perched amongst the island's shrubs, beneath and between which weasels and rabbits randomly darted. And, there was music, an endless stream of wonderful acoustic music.

Flying was not permitted on the sim, and the topography included a deep ocean trench that isolated her island from wandering intruders. Yet, many friends came to visit. Sometimes, they danced amongst the flowers. Other times, they sat with her in near silence, watching and listening. On occasion, she could be enticed to weave stories, like old times. She remained logged in all hours, sitting quietly, often unresponsive. She never left the island.

Summer crumpled into fall. Fall settled into winter. The sun remained fixed upon the horizon, while the flower field morphed into an ice skating rink.

One morning, a stranger arrived, quietly took a seat beside her, and began to chat in local. It was a pretty bento girl wrapped in a fine ermine coat, a week old with payment info, but an otherwise empty profile. Wary, she merely responded politely to the stranger's compliments regarding both her and the island. Strangers rarely visited, never alone. Soon, she realized this was no stranger. The conversation quickly shifted to things that only *her* girl could know or say. Her breath quickened and heart raced, as she asked the stranger, the girl in a fresh avatar, a cascade of questions.

The girl listened, patiently waited for a pause, and then revealed everything, including an alternative tale through which she lived. Then lovingly holding her hand, the girl gazed deep into her eyes and said, "I need your help."



“Women, you have to treat ‘em like shit.”

—Donald Trump, New York magazine, November 9, 1992



Brave Enough To Be A
Jullianna Juliesse

I don't have a tidy soundbite for you.
I wish I did,

But I am not a hero.

I am not a child.
I have learned to regret words spoken in anger.

But we are seething,
Beneath the surface.

How long we've been ignored,
Seething for those brave enough to tell the truth—
Seething for those punished for doing so.
Seething for being told we have no right to seethe at all.

You too?

Me too.

Centuries of indifference,
Tacit (and sometimes open) sanctioning of sexual
harassment, abuse, assault,
We are suddenly in the midst of a cock conflagration.

Powerful men swallowed in the bonfire,
Banned from the primordial, privileged Garden of Dicks.

In the Garden of Dicks, it's always about the dick.
You are a man, you have urges.

Oh yeah, you?

Well, me too.



angry

In the Garden of Dicks,
Women come and go, working, serving, servicing—
Trying to earn a living wage,
Searching for a husband, a job,
Looking for venture capital or just a good time,
Seeking an advanced degree, a part in a movie.

Don't you know who I am?

Often, we have no choice.
We enter a room and instantly know.
Oh, it's that place.
There's always something sweaty and unnerving in the air,
Like the men there
Have just laughed at a joke we aren't supposed to hear.
And, eyes averted, we carry on.

In the Garden of Dicks,
There is one peculiar fear—
Loss of power, castration by other means.
Take my humiliation, please.

In the room, the women come and go,
Talking of sexual harassment.

It took me four decades,
Wandering alone and muted
To finally be brave enough to be angry.

You too?

Me too.

We arise en masse, our words jagged glass.

Frida

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

Howelsen
75, 234, 1545

9-11 SLT

Live

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Art Director

Jami Mills

Writers

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Zymony Guyot

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Dearstluv Writer

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Wu

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